TWO MASTERS

A Missionary Drama

By

BERTHA COOPER FRASER

THE BOARD OF FOREIGN MISSIONS
OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN THE U. S. A.
156 Fifth Avenue, New York

MISSIONARY RESEARCH LIBRARY
NEW YORK CITY

MISSIONARY RESEARCH LIBRARY
3041 BROADWAY
NEW YORK

TWO MASTERS

By Bertha Cooper Fraser

CHARACTERS

Mrs. Van Horne, *a Christian lady of wealth who tries to serve two masters.*
Mrs. Stuart, *her invalid mother.*
Janet McCrea, *a missionary's daughter.*
Rachel
Charlotte } *her college friends.*
Helen
Mrs. C. von der Witt-Jones, *a traveler and lecturer.*
The President of the Culture Club.

Time—45 Minutes.

Act I—Scene I.

Mrs. Stuart's room in the Van Horne home. The room is attractive, containing the comforts of an aged gentlewoman who is an invalid. Mrs. Stuart is knitting, but lays her work down and looks anxiously toward Mrs. Van Horne, who seems much troubled over the contents of a letter she is reading.

Mrs. Stuart—

Not bad news, I hope, daughter?

Mrs. Van Horne—

No, mother. It is a letter from China—from Jean McCrea. They are sending us Janet.

Mrs. Stuart—

Janet McCrea! Well, now, I call that the best of news. If she's only half as winsome as her mother was, it will do my old heart good to see her and to hear her merry laughter ringing through the house.

Mrs. Van Horne—

Yes, mother, I am sure we will love her. But at this moment I can think only of Jean. She was the finest girl I ever knew—and the bravest. She has gone through fire and flood during her twenty years in China, and never lost her courage. But this thing of sending her

only child away from her has been almost too much for her brave heart.

MRS. STUART—

No wonder, dearie, no wonder. Will you read me her letter?

MRS. VAN HORNE [*reading*]—

"Dear Margaret:—We are sending you our little Janet today, grown taller than her mother, and eager for the great adventure.

"We have realized for some time that we are not doing her justice. George and I have tutored her as best we could, but it has been, at the best, spasmodic and uneven. In the languages she is more than ready for college. But in the sciences we are such back numbers ourselves that her training has been very inadequate. She is a real student, however, and is, perhaps, a little in advance of most girls of sixteen."

MRS. STUART—

Why, Peggy, it can't be that the child is sixteen years old!

MRS. VAN HORNE—

It seems but yesterday we had Jean's letter so full of happiness over the coming of her baby daughter. [*Resumes reading.*]

"Now it has suddenly developed that our co-workers in the Mission here, Mr. and Mrs. Vance, must return to America at once, on account of Mrs. Vance's rapidly failing health. This will make our work very heavy, and give us less time than ever to devote to Janet's education. It will, at the same time, make it possible for us to send her to America in the best of care. There seems no other course open to us.

"Since the day I first looked into her face I have dreaded this day. It is the dark cloud that hangs over every missionary mother. But for me there has always been a rift in the cloud. It is the letter you wrote me when Janet was born. It is yellow and worn with much reading now, and—yes, I will confess it—stained with many a tear. In it you remind me of how we had planned, during our college days to come to China together, until your mother's health put it out of the question for you. Then you write, 'Since I could not serve my Master in China, I have promised him that I will be a mother to your child during the years in which she must be separated from you.' Your letters ever since have been full of 'when Janet comes to us,' so I am sure that you have never wavered in your purpose.

"I am resisting my impulse to send a book of directions with this precious consignment, being content to trust to your good judgment.

I want her to have the benefit of your Christian culture. But George and I have decided to ask one thing of you. We think that you will agree with us that it is our only fair and honorable course.

"It is our dearest wish that Janet return to China after her four years of preparation, and join with us in the great work to be done here. But we were both free to choose this life-work for ourselves, and we think that Janet should be free to choose also. If she comes back we want it to be in response to her Master's call, not ours. We dare not say to her, 'Take our yoke upon you.' It is a back-breaking burden, unless joined up with him who alone can make it easy and light.

"We have, therefore, never told her how we long for her to choose China, and we are asking you not to tell her. Let your great zeal for missions speak by your life but not your words. Are we not right in this, dear friend?

"I shall try to send you a brighter letter soon. I know this one is not cheery. You have been good enough to call me brave and plucky. But there is fighting and fighting, Peggy, and to-day, when the hardest battle of our twenty years in China is to be fought out, I am near showing the white feather. If it were not for you, I would give up the day.

"Good-bye, my best of friends,

"JEAN."

MRS. STUART—

It's the old tragedy of the mission field over again, but it never seemed so real to me before. As to Janet's life-work, I think they are right. She should be free to choose. But it will make your task infinitely harder, Margaret.

MRS. VAN HORNE [*sadly*]—

Yes, mother, and I am not equal to it. She says, "Let your great zeal for Missions speak by your life but not your words." When we parted, twenty years ago, I had a great zeal for missions. I could almost have said, "This one thing I do." But life has grown more complex for me since then.

MRS. STUART—

It need not be.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

It is not fair to blame Jack, but you know he is not interested in missions. And he is so much interested in my other activities. I belong to so many things that life for me is largely composed of

committee meetings. I have no great enthusiasm now—just a lot of little enthusiasms. I'm afraid I have been trying to serve two masters. I am not big enough or fine enough for the trust Jean has placed in me. What if I fail her? You'll have to help me, mother.

MRS. STUART—

Help you, dearie! Do you know how sweet that sounds to your old mother's ears? You couldn't have done a finer thing for Jean McCrea than you did when you wrote her that old letter, and you couldn't have done a finer thing for me. I've been feeling a bit useless here of late, and out of work. It's a long time since you've said, "You'll have to help me, mother." It's like a call back to life to me. You and I will do a big work together yet, dearie With our Master's help, we'll send Janet back to her mother well equipped and eager for the work. Take courage, Peggy! Jean McCrea has trusted you, and my daughter is not the sort of woman that fails her friends.

Curtain.

ACT I—SCENE II.

It is night one week later, and Mrs. Stuart is alone in her room. Mrs. Van Horne enters, dressed for the evening of the Culture Club.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

Mother, I—I am sorry to be away the first evening Janet is with us, but this is guest evening for the Culture Club and the last meeting of my term as president, so I feel that I must be there. Besides, Jack is quite anxious to hear the lecture. We are to have an address on "Confucianism as a Moral Force," and I am sure it will be intensely interesting. Janet seems so tired that I think she was glad of an excuse to go early to her room. You look tired, too, little mother; can I do anything for you before I go?

MRS. STUART—

No, thank you, dearie; I am quite comfortable. Peggy, George McCrea wouldn't think much of Confucianism as a moral force, but I hope you will have a pleasant evening.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

Thank you, dear. [*She stoops over and kisses her, then goes toward the door, saying*] I must not keep Jack waiting. Good-night. [*She goes out.*]

[*There is a timid knock at the door.*] Come right in.

[*Janet enters in kimono and bed-room slippers. Her hair is loosely braided for the night.*]

Is it you, dearie? I've just been thinking about you. Bring up that low stool and sit right down here by my chair, as my own little girl used to do, and we'll have a good bedtime talk together.

JANET—

Thank you so much, Mrs. Stuart.

MRS. STUART—

I'd like you to say Grandmother, dearie. I loved your mother almost like my own. So you see I am a sort of grandmother. We'll call it grandmother-in-love.

JANET—

Oh, I'd like that! I never had a grandmother and always wanted one. I saw your light, and since I couldn't go to sleep, I thought I'd like to tell you something; for I think that you are going to be the understandingest grandmother-in-love that ever was.

MRS. STUART—

Thank you, dearie. That's a compliment to do my old heart good. Is it a secret you have to tell me?

JANET—

Yes, grandmother; I'm in love.

MRS. STUART—

Bless my soul! In love.

JANET—

Yes, I am. I'm in love with my new Aunt Margaret. I could never, never tell her so, but she's my ideal. I always intended to love her, but I didn't know I was going to fall in love with her—that's different, you know. But when I first saw her at the station to-day, I knew she was my ideal. I'm going to try to be just like her. Mother will be pleased, I know, for I think Aunt Margaret is her ideal, too. She has often said that Peggy Stuart was the finest girl she ever knew. But there is one thing quite uncomfortable about being in love. It makes you upset your glass at dinner and say stupid things when you mean to be brilliant. But I'm going to try very hard to make her love me. She doesn't yet. Do you think she will?

MRS. STUART—

I am sure she will, little girl. And you couldn't find a better way to make her love you than to be just like your mother, for she is your Aunt Margaret's ideal.

JANET—

Is she really? Well, I can tell you this, she's the dearest mother in the world. And I couldn't go to sleep to-night because——

MRS. STUART—

I understand, dearie, I understand.

JANET—

And, grandmother, I've something else to tell you. Something very important. It is even more important than being in love. It's a truly secret, although you may tell Aunt Margaret if you wish. I don't think I could—not yet.

MRS. STUART—

Your secret will be safe with us, dear.

JANET—

It's that—I'm not perfectly sure yet, but I think I'm going back to China and be a missionary like mother—though, of course, nothing is really decided.

MRS. STUART—

I am sure that would make your mother very happy, little girl.

JANET—

That's partly why I think I am going to do it. But it is not all the reason. Since you are willing to be my grandmother, I will tell you about it. It's—it's quite sacred, you know.

MRS. STUART—

Yes, Janet, I know it is.

JANET—

You see, mother never said she wanted me to be a missionary. She always said she wanted me to grow up to be a useful woman in whatever work I felt I had a *call* to do. She never explained to me just what a call is—but I think I've had one. It happened when we said good-bye. She had such a wonderful look in her eyes. It seemed to say to me, "Come back and give your life to China." All those weeks on the boat I thought about it. And I wished there was some understanding person to ask, and now I've decided to ask you. Do you think that it could be like that—that God could send a *call* to a girl through her mother's eyes?

MRS. STUART—

How could he find a more beautiful way, dear?

JANET—

That was what I thought, but I wasn't sure, because no one ever explained a *call* to me. I think mother knows I mean to return; I told her with my eyes. Don't you love the stories of the knights? In days of old, before a knight fared forth, he met the one he loved best at the old trysting place and made a tryst to keep himself true

and to come back when he had won some great victory. Well, I used to sit in my steamer chair for hours at a time, dreaming about my great adventure—all the wonderful things I should do in America —and it came to me that the true and victorious knights always returned.

MRS. STUART—

That is very beautiful, little girl. You see, they must return to keep the tryst.

Curtain.

ACT II—SCENE I.

It is two years later. Mrs. Stuart and Mrs. Van Horne are seated at their sewing in Mrs. Stuart's room.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

Mother, I am troubled about Janet.

MRS. STUART—

In what way, daughter?

MRS. VAN HORNE—

She has been in America two years now and I think she is drifting away from any purpose she ever had of returning to China.

MRS. STUART—

Oh, I don't know, dearie. She has become a typical college girl. And I think she grows more like you every day. You are her ideal, you know.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

Yes, I do know, mother, and it frightens me. She seems to imitate me in everything; and grow less like her mother. If only I were free to talk with her and tell her how they long for her return. In every letter I receive from Jean I can read between the lines her mute appeal for some news on the subject. Her very heart is crying out for her child, and George has written me that the strain is telling on her strength. But they both still feel that Janet must choose for herself. And I can give them very little encouragement of late. Janet loves them. She longs to see them. But only this morning she startled me by announcing, with that almost boyish frankness of hers, "Aunt Margaret, I think I'll find a nice rich man to marry like you did. Then I'll have a beautiful home, and I'll send for father and mother to come and live with me. I think they've done their share for China." What can I say or do?

MRS. STUART—

Keep her mother's ideals before her, Margaret.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

I do try, mother—really I do. Those words Jean wrote two years ago are burned into my heart, "Let your great zeal for missions speak by your life but not your words." I never miss our missionary meetings now, as I often did before Janet came. I buy more missionary books, and always have the missionary magazines about for her to read. But she passes them by and selects my Maeterlinck or my Thomas Hardy instead.

MRS. STUART—

But, dearie, let your old mother tell you one reason she selects them first. The pages are all cut and they look like your familiar friends.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

I'm afraid I deserve the rebuke, mother. What with you and Jean and Janet, I'm finding myself out of late. If I only had your singleness of purpose!

MRS. STUART—

Well, I'm an old woman, dear, and I'm chained to my chair; I can't undertake very much. I'm a frail old barque that must keep close to the shore.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

You're not that, little mother. You're a lighthouse tower to show the way to poor, drifting mortals like me—and Janet.

MRS. STUART—

Don't be too hard on yourself, Peggy. As for Janet, you only have her during her vacations. If she is drifting you should not take all the blame to yourself. College sports and college spirit seem the great things to her now, and she needs them to make her a well-rounded young woman. She's too fine a girl to fail her mother. And this is no time to be brooding over failures when we have a house party in full swing. I hear the girls coming back from the tennis courts now. Call them in, for I want to hear how their game went to-day.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

No need to do that, mother. They are making straight for your room as usual. You are the magnet in this house. Janet's friends think you are a good sport, and no game is complete until they have reported at headquarters.

[*Enter Janet, with three of her classmates, Helen, Charlotte and Rachel. They are dressed for the tennis court and carry rackets and balls.*]

MRS. STUART—

And how went the battle?

RACHEL—

Oh, as usual. We were overwhelmed by the Superior One. The rice-eaters are a great race.

JANET—

I'm the Yellow Peril to them, grandmother—a peril you need only mention to give valiant Americans the ague.

CHARLOTTE—

Now, I object to giving China all the credit for the development of the Superior One. It's not fair to us. Don't you think college has done a lot for Janet, Mrs. Stuart?

JANET—

Please don't mind me in the least. Or shall I withdraw?

MRS. STUART—

Don't go, dearie. It's an old woman's privilege to be frank. I should say, Charlotte, in answer to your question that Janet does not seem like the same little girl who started off on her great adventure two years ago.

[*Janet is startled by the words "Great Adventure," and grows very thoughtful.*]

HELEN [*laughing*]—

"Great Adventure" is good. The first month at college we called her "Alice in Wonderland." Most girls keep their first nicknames for four years, but Janet outgrows a dozen in two. She won't stay classified. What was the next one, girls?

RACHEL—

I believe "Don Quixote" came next.

MRS. VAN HORNE [*laughing*]—

Were you fighting windmills in those days, Janet?

JANET—

Yes, Aunt Margaret, I did have a few tilts with certain obstreperous freshmen.

RACHEL—

But when she came out on top of the heap at the first mid-year exams, we dropped the name, since it was most humiliating to have been vanquished by a Don Quixote.

HELEN—

Yes, and Janet dropped the attitude. She used to go about with an expression that seemed to say:

"The time is out of joint, O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right."

CHARLOTTE—

Yes, and one of the good things college has done for her is to erase that expression from her classic features.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

But we must remember, girls, that our Janet was born in a land where there is very much to be set right, and very few to undertake the task.

HELEN—

That's just why we want to rid her of her Don Quixote notions, Mrs. Van Horne. We're afraid she'll be mounting her Rosinate and off for China some fine morning.

MRS. STUART—

There are great and gallant knights in China, dearie, as well as a few Don Quixotes.

JANET—

Let's have a change of subject or I'll have to have a change of air. Please tell us a story, Aunt Margaret. I love your college stories.

MRS. VAN HORNE—

There is not time for a story now, dear. Uncle Jack will be home soon and I must send you all off to dress for dinner. But before you go, girls, I will tell you that the finest young woman in my class wen to China.

HELEN—

Really? Was she your Don Quixote?

MRS. VAN HORNE—

No, dear. We loved her far too much for that. We called her our Sir Galahad. Her name was Jean Robinson, and she married George McCrea.

Curtain.

ACT III—SCENE I.

It is two years later. The members of the Culture Club are seated around a well-furnished Club Room. Mrs. Van Horne and Janet McCrea are prominent in the group.

PRESIDENT [*standing*]—

Ladies, this is to be an eventful day in the history of the Culture Club. We have with us two distinguished visitors. For four years we have known and loved Miss Janet McCrea. We have almost grown to think of her as a daughter of the club. Perhaps most of you, however, have not yet learned to think of her as a distinguished young lady. So it is with much pride that I announce that she has just graduated from Winton Woman's College and won its most coveted honor, the European Fellowship. And now I come to the best part of my announcement. After studying for two years at the great universities of Europe, America is not to lose her, as it was at one time feared. For she is to return to Winton, where she will occupy the Chair of Ethics at her Alma Mater. We are delighted to welcome Miss McCrea as a guest this afternoon, and to congratulate her on her noble choice of a life work. Later in the afternoon we are to have the privilege of hearing her, for she has consented to substitute for Mrs. Van Horne, and read the paper on "Picturesque Pagodas."

And now I have another more delightful surprise for you. By a piece of rare good fortune we have been able to secure for the principal address of the afternoon Mrs. C. von der Witt-Jones, a most distinguished traveler and lecturer on subjects relating to the Orient. Therefore, ladies, I am most happy to present to you at this time Mrs. C. von der Witt-Jones, who will now address us.

[*Mrs. C. von der Witt-Jones rises, dressed in the extreme of fashion and flourishing a lorgnette. She is smilingly condescending in her manner.*]

MRS. C. VON DER WITT-JONES—

Madame President, Ladies. It is a great delight to me to address an audience of culture women on the subject of the Social Condition in the Orient, because I know you, with your broad outlook, are not of those who hold that the people of the East need to have our ideals thrust upon them. If you could see them in all the charm and beauty of their picturesque environment, you would realize that our religion is as alien to them as our American clothing. The effect of their adoption of either is quite weird, I can assure you.

I can never tell which country is to me most fascinating—India, China or Japan. As a result of my wide travel and extensive experience in all of the great Oriental countries, I feel equally well prepared to lecture on any one of them. But I see by your program that

the paper for to-day is to be on "Picturesque Pagodas of China," and always willing to adapt my remarks to the subject which a study club is pursuing, I am going to tell you a few of my *very own* experiences in China.

It will be of interest to you to know that I spent two weeks as the guest of a member of the Diplomatic Corps in Peping, and so I come to you as a careful student of social conditions in China. To begin with, I must at once and forever refute the idea that we have somehow gained that there are physical hardships connected with living in China. What with railroads, electric lights and almost daily cable communication with America, those hardships no longer exist. I can assure you I was never more comfortable or charmingly entertained in my life.

One of the amusing memories of my childhood is of a mission band to which I belonged—no doubt some of you were victims also. Well, I learned there that one was really quite out of the world when she went to China—literally among heathen, you know. Now, after having had the real experience of being there, I know how absurd that is. Why, ladies, amid the charm and brilliancy of the diplomatic circles of Peping I felt, as Browning has so beautifully expressed it,

"There is mid-sea and the mighty things."

And would you believe it? Shall I confess it? After several months of travel, away from the great centers, I actually felt that my wardrobe was just a little passee.

And the people are so very charming. I shall never forget an unusually witty attaché of the Legation who took me about in his motor car and assisted me in my study of social problems.

I was especially entertained by the brilliant way in which he took off the missionaries. We passed a missionary's wife in a jinrikisha, and he pointed her out to me and said, "I suppose you will be disappointed that she is not wearing her halo today." "Halo" is good, don't you think? I was ready for him, though, and he thought my retort so good that he repeated it afterwards, much to the delight of a brilliant company. I said, "I am glad she left it at home, for I fear if she wears it as badly as she does the rest of her wardrobe, she would have it on crooked."

They all thought "crooked" so very good. He told me no end of things about the missionaries—things it would have taken me weeks to find out for myself. It seems that they are socially quite impossible

—men and women only capable of earning the smallest salaries. I was reminded of what the captain of our boat said—a most cultured gentleman. He said that if the churches in America would only send out one six-thousand-dollar man instead of ten six-hundred-dollar men, much more would be accomplished. And I think he is perfectly right. Imagine a six-hundred-dollar man being admitted to such circles as I have described in Peping.

Well, to return to my friend, the attaché. He says the missionaries are not people of any refinement—that they really seem to prefer to associate with the base and low. Imagine the taste of a woman who would choose to go about itinerating, as they call it—Oh, you see, I am quite up on missionary lingo—and sleep in the dirty, vermin-infested country inns.

They seem to be ignorant of the findings of modern science in regard to sanitation. Some of them, even in times of bubonic plague, go among their people as usual instead of resorting to the hills, as the more enlightened do.

And in times of uprising and anti-foreign riot, they cause their governments no end of trouble by staying on their mission compounds, instead of taking refuge at the Legations, as they should. They are really a most *peculiar* people.

And the missionary women are the most unnatural mothers. They actually consent to separation from their children for years at a time and think nothing of it, don't you know! And all of this to preach to a people who don't *need* their religion in the least, and don't want it.

Oh, I could run on for hours and hours on this most interesting subject, but I must not weary you. In closing I want to urge you all to travel as extensively as possible. It is a duty we owe to ourselves to broaden our minds and give us a true sense of perspective. May we thus adapt the words of the immortal Shakespeare, that greatest teacher of all the ages:

> "I thus neglecting worldly end, all dedicated
> To *travel* and the bettering of my mind."

[*She takes her seat. There is evident much admiration on the part of the members of the club. Janet and Mrs. Van Horne have shown deep distress. The President rises.*]

I am sure we have all been thrilled by these eloquent words. I will not break the charm by even attempting a eulogy. Instead, I will introduce Miss Janet McCrea, European Fellow of Winton Women's

College, who will now read a paper on "Picturesque Pagodas of China."

JANET [*rising and speaking slowly, without resentment, but as one who has seen a vision*]—

Madam President, Ladies of the Culture Club. I have not been for years so profoundly moved as I have been by the address of this afternoon. Since hearing it, I feel my paper on Picturesque Pagodas trivial, and of not the slightest interest.

MRS. C. VON DER WITT-JONES [*beamingly to her neighbor*]—

What a perfectly charming girl.

JANET—

I am going to ask your permission to lay it aside and to tell you a very simple story instead.

PRESIDENT—

That will be delightful, Miss McCrea. We all love stories.

JANET—

Thank you. As some of you know, I was born in China, and spent the first sixteen years of my life there. [*Mrs. C. von der Witt-Jones raises her lorgnette and looks more intently at Janet, and grows very nervous during her story.*] Four busy, happy years in America had somewhat dimmed early impressions. I needed this address to awaken old memories.

I want to tell you the story of a little woman I once knew in China. She married one of the six-thousand-dollar men the sea captain recommended. He graduated from Yale, *summa cum laude*. Because of his unusual ability he was offered a salary of six thousand dollars by one of the great banking houses of New York City to represent their interests in Peping. He went to China under his Mission Board, at a salary of six hundred dollars, instead. But this is not to be his story, thrilling as it would prove.

His wife also graduated from her college with distinction. Since coming to America I have learned that she was the most beautiful and best-loved girl in her class. I do not remember her as beautiful. I fancy the speaker of the afternoon saw her in her jinrikisha, for she has described her rather well. Her clothes are not well-made, and —she does not wear her halo. In the brilliant and witty circles of which we have heard she would probably be socially impossible. They find both her wardrobe and her old-fashioned ideas of courtesy decidedly passee.

She is a very dainty little woman, with an almost abnormal distaste for dirt. But she does sometimes sleep in the vermin-infested native inns, because there is no place else for her to lay her head when she is working among the women of the more remote villages —who do *need* and *want* her religion.

She is not ignorant of the laws of sanitation. After her college course she took a nurse's training in one of the great hospitals of America, that she might be the more serviceable to China's women. She does go among her people in times of bubonic plague to instruct them in the methods of preventing the disease, for the Chinese are intensely ignorant of the laws of sanitation, and but for her they would die like cattle.

She has a passion for purity and does not prefer the society of the base and low. But she, too, has been a student of social conditions in China. As a result of her investigations she has gathered together a little group of outcast slave girls, wrecks, cast-off by their masters because they are no longer a source of gain to them. And she has taught them to do right and to earn an honest living with their hands.

She is by nature timid, but she has remained at the mission compound when it was attacked by a mob. Her husband was away on a long itinerating tour. The anti-foreign riot was sudden and unexpected. The native Christians flocked to the compound for refuge. If she had fled to the Legation they would have been as sheep without a shepherd. She felt, too, that the expensive mission buildings would be in greater danger if she deserted. So, under fire of the mob, she went among her terror-stricken people, dressing the wounds of the injured and encouraging the faint-hearted, till the rioters forgot their fury in very admiration for her courage. There are a hundred men and women in China today who would die for her for what they saw that day.

She is not an unnatural mother. There was anguish in her eyes when she sent her only child away from her to America, anguish and something more. It was a *call* to the daughter to return and give her life to China. That call was almost forgotten—almost, but not quite.

America was such a wonderful place to her. Its women were so charming and so many-sided. It seemed to the girl that they had somehow discovered a satisfactory way to serve two masters; and her mother's singleness of purpose began to seem—how shall I say?—

just a bit narrow and quixotic. The time came when she must choose between China and America. She chose America.

Then one day a strange thing happened. She saw the *look* in her mother's eyes and heard the *call* again.

It is not possible for the little woman of my story to be in almost daily communication with America. It costs about ten dollars to send a brief cablegram. Only some great crisis would, to her, justify that expense. But she is going to receive a message tonight. And I know you will pardon me if I run away now to send it. For that little woman is my mother, and I am going to cable her, "JANET IS COMING HOME."

[*She goes out. There is a moment of silence and intense feeling after Janet leaves the room. Then Mrs. Van Horne rises.*]

MRS. VAN HORNE—

Ladies, that young girl is very dear to me. She shall not stand alone in this brave thing she has done. It is I who have been attempting to serve two masters. I have learned at last that it cannot be done. Her mother trusted me with her dearest treasure. She thought my zeal for missions would be a large factor in sending Janet back to her. And, while she hoped and prayed, I attended lectures on "Confucianism as a Moral Force" and planned papers on "Picturesque Pagodas," and I failed my friend.

My own little mother has been silently grieving over that failure. So I too, must ask your pardon if I run away from this meeting. For I want to tell my mother that in a strange, unexpected way, our work together has been redeemed from failure; that our Janet is a worthy daughter of her noble mother; and that, after four years of doubt and struggle and defeat, she has won a great victory and is going back to keep the tryst.

Curtain.

Nineteenth Edition

Price, 10 cents

6464